

THE
BOW-STREET OPERA; K

IN THREE ACTS.

Written on the PLAN of

The Beggar's Opera;

All the most celebrated SONGS of which
are parodied;

AND THE WHOLE PIECE ADAPTED TO

MODERN TIMES, MANNERS, and CHARACTERS,

*If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe,
Each cries it was levell'd at me.*

BEGGAR'S OPERA,

THE FOURTH EDITION,



L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR. 1776

[Price 1s. 6d.]

THE
HOW-STREET OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

WHICH TERMINATES

The Beggar's Opera



AND THE WHOLE

PERFORMED BY THE



IN FOURTH EDITION

LONDON

AT THE THEATRE

HOW-STREET

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

S I R,

THE just, the laudable indignation which you manifested, when you refused to suppress the exhibition of the Beggar's Opera, at the requisition of the Bow-Street Magistrates, gave rise to the following *Whim*. Whether it please you or not is perfectly indifferent to the Writer, whom you have no knowledge of, and most probably never will.---I pay this compliment to your sense and spirit as a Manager: but let me do justice to your character as a
Man,

iv DEDICATION.

Man, by adding, that the possessor of a Ministerial fortune, who will not give a shilling to the relief of a starving individual, is the most contemptible of all God's creatures.----You remember, Sir, the late admirable productions of that sweet son of the Pastoral Muse, *Cunningham*; you know to whom his Volume was dedicated, and at whose express desire; and you know, Sir, that Cunningham received from Mr. Garrick, for this distinction, the amazing sum of Two GUINEAS! Avarice itself blushes at the idea of such a circumstance being possible.

Detested be the unfeeling heart!

THE AUTHOR.

THE
BOW-STREET OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bridewell.

*The GOVERNOR sitting at a Table, with a large
Book of Accounts before him.*

AIR I. An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life
A quiet asylum I've got;
'And, if I but keep out of the strife,
I care not who 'tis goes to pot.
The thief calls the Justice a cheat,
The Justice be-knaves the poor cull;
'And the Keeper, because he's so great,
Locks up both the thief and the trull.

B

The

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~~The employment of a Middlesex Justice is an~~
honest trade; so is mine. Like me, too, he acts
in a double capacity; both for rogues and against
them: for 'tis but just that we should encourage
those by whose artifices we are supported.

SCENE II.

GOVERNOR, TURNKEY.

Turnkey. Sir, young Cox has sent word that his trial comes on in the afternoon, and he hopes you will contrive matters so as that he may not be *scragged* this bout.

Governor. Why, let him plead that he received the Bank-notes at a cock-pit; you know there is no positive evidence against him: and, as to the rest, if the dog's character should convict him, tell him to leave it to my management. I am upon good terms with at least half a dozen of the Privy-Council. Time was when a word to the Recorder would have done; but the present scoundrel has such rigid virtue, that a Bank-note has no more influence, in his sight, than a piece of blank paper.

Turnkey. Dick Finchley, Sir, is *done over*.

Governor. An incautious dog! This is the seven-teenth time that he has been tried; and he ought to have been convicted for the first offence. He has no chance of escape—He *weights Forty*—So I'll e'en book him;—for you know he was taken by our people. [*writes*.] For Dick Finchley, forty pounds. Tell blear-eyed Bess that she shan't
cross

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cross the water for this offence; for, by good luck, she may corrupt a dozen more within half a year.— There is surely something very enchanting in that divine squint of hers.

Turnkey. Ah, Sir! we have got more money by hanging the lads of her ruining than by those of any other woman upon the town; and indeed it would be a pity to lose her: besides, Sir, you know she bleeds freely when she is hobbled herself.

Governor. True; she is not only a thief herself, but the cause of theft in others. She must escape; for the breed in a great measure depends upon her.

Turnkey. Indeed, Sir, she is a fine woman; she understands life.—If it had not been for her, I should never have had the honour of being a thief-taker myself.

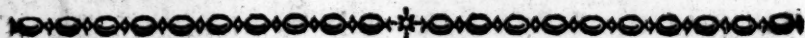
AIR II. The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.

*'Twas Woman that seduc'd my mother's son,
By her I first was taught the cheating art;
She sent me out to pilfer; and, when done,
She trick'd me of my money with my heart.
For her I prowl'd about in search of prey,
And filch'd both day and night to bribe her charms;
And what I thus obtain'd I squander'd soon away,
And lost my health and virtue in her arms.*

Governor. But make haste to Bow-street, boy, and tell the old Ladies that I will be there at eleven o'clock, with three coach loads of the prettiest lads that have lately come to market. You may tell them to make out the commitments upon the plan fixed on yesterday. The prisoners know their doom already.

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Turnkey. I will, Sir: a man never goes either to a prison, or the gallows, with half so good a grace as when he knows his fate some time before-hand.



S C E N E III.

GOVERNOR.

But it is now high time to look into the register of the company destined for Bow-street this morning; for, in all probability, we shall have a busy day, which is a very uncommon circumstance in Sessions time. The gentry in our way have a kind of cunning that prevents their committing a felony on the eve of a Sessions; and really there is some wisdom in this; for the living six weeks is certainly of some consequence to a man who has probably not above three or four months to live in the whole. Let me see:—A register of the gang: [*Reading.*] *Hopping Jemmy*; an extraordinary clever fellow! Within a year past he has not realized less than three thousand pounds, by sharing with his companions the booty obtained from the foolish spectators who have assembled to see him hop to Brentford for a wager. While Jemmy is *hopping*, his associates are always *diving*. I believe I must let him escape till the November Sessions; for in all probability something may be got by him if he should not be apprehended on Lord Mayor's day.—*Dick Monkey*: this fellow is descended of reputable parents, who were settled abroad, and got an HONEST LIVING in the *slave trade*. Having had a tolerable education, and acquired a considerable fortune

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fortune by his dexterity, he had once the vanity of thinking to get a seat in parliament. He must be hanged for his presumption.—*Cock-eyed Jack*, alias *North-Briton*, alias *young Foundling*, alias *the Jew*, alias *Nimming John*, alias *the Duellist*, alias *the Banker*; In short, this fellow has more alias's to his name than the Newgate Calendar can exhibit—but he's a clever fellow!—He picks a pocket, tells a lie, or abuses his worthiest friend, with the best grace of any man living. The Grand Defaulter never sunk more coal than this genius has first stolen, and then squandered away. A Prime Minister cannot be a greater thief, nor even Jemmy Twitcher himself a more abandoned rake and spendthrift. He must be spared, if it be only to mortify *Hopping Jemmy*, who will think himself damned if Jack is not hanged before him.—*John Athanasius*, alias *the Priest*, alias *Black Spot*, alias *Eutrapelus*:—Of all the rascals I ever met with, this is the most abandoned—A traitor to his friend—a collector of *public* charity for *private* use—a blasphemer of every thing serious—a—in short, he must be hanged, if it were only for quitting the trade of a *Methodist*, which he had once the impudence to call an honest employment.—*Bob Gin-cag*, alias *Portly Robert*:—This has been a fine fellow in his time. He was a great favourite of the late King, because he has a larger head with less brains in it than any of his brother rogues in the City. It is necessary that he should make a speedy exit, in order to give room for a younger and more sprightly thief.—*Bull-faced Frederick*:—This fellow shall suffer, for his folly in keeping company with *Cock-eyed Jack*, who picks his pocket of all his own thievings. The puppy who will risk his neck to supply the extravagancies of a greater rogue than himself, deserves no mercy.

Jack

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Jack Carbuncle, alias *Shakespeare's Ghost* :—He drinks so confoundedly that he is seldom able to stand to his business—He shall therefore be carted.—

Tom Regiment, alias *the young Clothier* :—There is a consistency in this fellow's behaviour which ought to recommend him to mercy ; for he never tells a lie but he swears it is true, never commits a robbery but he keeps all the booty to himself, nor ever does an ill act but he is ready to justify it.—We'll spare him for the sake of his modest assurance.—*Rhubarb*, alias *Count Physic*, alias *Captain Ludgate* :—



SCENE IV.

GOVERNOR, GOVERNESS.

Governess. What of *Captain Ludgate*, husband ? You know he is a favourite of mine. It was he who gave me the dose of jalap that had lately so happy an effect on your poor wife's constitution. Besides, husband, he is beloved by the ladies in general. No man has a more engaging presence of mind in the Artillery-Ground ; the smell of gun-powder is nothing to him ; and he gives the word of command even better than *Major Miller*. I hope no misfortune has happened to him.

Governor. I have put his name into the Newgate list, that's all, my dear. If we don't get the reward for hanging him, somebody else will ; for his intolerable pride and vanity will surely bring him to the gallows.

Governess.

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Governess. Well, husband, you know best. I never meddle in matters of life and death. But you know he's a handsome fellow:—and he knows it too:—that's his foible.

AIR III. Cold and raw, &c.

*Produce a man vainer than all the rest,
 Altho' he be ever so stupid,
 Count Physic with him shall stand the test,
 Who swears that himself is a Cupid:
 Beneath his left ear so fit but a cord,
 (A rope so charming a zone is!)
 Thro' Holborn he'll ride with the air of a Lord,
 And fancy he dies an Adonis.*

But really, husband, you should be merciful; for we never had a finer, braver set of men than the present. We have not had a murder among them since last Sessions, and truly that is a great thing to say.

Governor. Hold your nonsense about murder, woman, it is as fashionable a crime as a gentleman can be guilty of; and if he has but money enough to induce the Justices to take broomstick bail, why, it is easy for him to go off, and what is he the worse for it? So no more on this subject.—Has *Cock-eyed Jack* been here this morning for the Bank-notes that he MADE at *Aylesbury*?

Governess. Yes, my dear, and he laughed at the impudence of the Cashiers of the Bank, in pretending to stop payment of those notes, the non-payment of which would ruin the credit of half Europe.—*Cock-eyed Jack* is a sensible man.

Governor. And what then?

Governess.

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Governess. Why, truly, I am afraid our Polly thinks him so.

Governor. Well—granted—but, surely, you would not be so mad as to have the girl think of marrying him. Men of his stamp are kind to their whores, while their wives are left to pine in undeserved obscurity. The bottle-companion of Jemmy Twitcher shall never be the husband of my daughter—the honour of Bridewell forbid it!—Why, I could almost as soon consent to her being wedded to Jack Athanasius, and I believe he's the greatest scoundrel in the universe.

Governess. But what if Polly should be in love, husband? How shall we do to extricate her from the difficulty?

AIR IV. Why is your faithful Slave disdained, &c.

*If love attacks my daughter's heart,
How can she bear the cruel smart?
How bear the pungent flame?
If wedded not within a trice,
Her honour tainted, sunk in vice,
She's what I dare not name.*

Governor. D'ye see, wife, a beautiful daughter is to me as convenient as a fresh ruby-faced country girl to a Covent-Garden procurefs; and as the latter will sell her virginity fifty times over to battered rakes and fools of quality, so our daughter should grant fifty thousand times over every favour but the last to thieves and scoundrels of no quality at all.

Governess. Probably, husband, you think too severely of Polly; she may only indulge herself with Cock-eyed Jack in the view of interest.

Governor.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 9

Governor. But it is your duty, madam, to make her ideas of interest correspond with mine: but I'll go to her, and learn the truth. In the interim, do you send for the watchmaker's apprentice, and tell him to christen the gold repeater which Bob Finchley brought in last night.



S C E N E V.

GOVERNESS.

The devil's in my husband, to be sure! What has our Polly done that she should love no man but her husband? or why should her marriage, contrary to general custom, make her less the property of the public at large?

AIR V. Of all the simple Things we do, &c.

*A girl is like a wedge of gold,
From whence they coin our guineas,
Whose worth has never yet been told
By all the learned ninnies.*

*A wife resembles George's face
Upon the guineas stamp,
Who oft-times comes into disgrace,
And is as often vamt.*

C

SCENE

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S C E N E VI.

GOVERNESS, M'NAB.

Governess. Come hither, M'Nab; I don't know how it is, but I love this boy as well as if my mother had been his grandmother. He picks a pocket as well as Jenny Diver of immortal memory, and seizes a night-robber with the resolution of a Shadwell thief-taker. I pronounce, boy, that, if thou should'st live another year, thou wilt equal the most celebrated robber of antiquity, or the most ingenious pickpocket among the King's Friends. What luck last night, M'Nab?

M'Nab. I plied at Drury-Lane house, madam; and, considering that Garrick did not perform, and consequently that there was no great crowd, I think I made a decent hand on't.—Ten handkerchiefs, madam——

Governess. Aye, these will do in Field-Lane; tho' a groat is but a poor price for a three shilling handkerchief, considering the risk a gentleman runs in getting it.

M'Nab. And this hanger, madam——

Governess. Good—This is what the learned call a Couteau de Chasse; this must have been worn by a MACARONI.

M'Nab. Yes, madam, I took it from the *notified* Drybutter; it was one of those left when he sold off his stock in Westminster-Hall, and so he wore it himself, to imitate other scoundrels in high life.

Governess. Well, my boy, I have not a doubt but thou wilt excel in thy profession.

M'Nab.

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M'Nab. I pulled hard for Lord Letcher's gold-headed cane; but the old miser grasped it so forcibly, that I was obliged to take shelter at the Horns, where our old friend, the landlady, let me out at the back-door: and really, madam, since I was ducked so damnably in the horse-pond at Bond's stables, I have had thoughts of taking up, and entering in the service of the East-India company.

Governess. You should go to Bagnigge-Wells, boy, and to the City Pantheon, to learn valour; these are the schools that have trained so many brave men, by constantly exhibiting such a number of fine women. Poor boy! how little does he think of living till they have finished the new gaol in the Old-Bailey!—But now, since you are at leisure, go and study your Prayer-Book; for nothing can make you cut a better figure in the Sessions-Paper.—But, hearkye, boy; now tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or I'll take care to see you scragged. Do you know any thing that hath passed between my Polly and Cock-eyed Jack?

M'Nab. Pray don't ask me, madam; miss Polly is not the first by an hundred that he has ruined: but I promised him I would not tell you so.

Governess. Aye, but you know my honour is concerned; tell me the truth.

M'Nab. Lord, madam, miss Polly will tear my eyes out, if she knows I tell you; and my own honour is not to be trifled with, madam.

Governess. Silence! here's my husband and Polly: come, M'Nab, you shall go with me.

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S C E N E VII.

GOVERNOR, POLLY.

Polly. Indeed, Sir, you mistake me; tho' I never was at Court, I know how to make a property of my person: neither Lady G. nor Lady V. nor any other of the Doctors-Commons ladies, can drive a surer bargain than your Polly. Some of the Court ladies have slept only with Dukes and Earls, but I have had the superior honour of sleeping with Cock-eyed Jack.

AIR VI. What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.

*Virgins resemble the rose when full blooming,
Which grows in the garden so sweet and so gay;
Oh! I wish for a simile I could get room in!
Your Polly resembled the rose of the May:
But, as she is pluck'd, she's no longer alluring,
To market in haste she was sent in her prime,
There stunk I, and shrunk, and grew past all
enduring,
And now you would ruin me ere my full time.*

Governor. You are sensible, Polly, that I am not unreasonable: grant, at all times, a slight favour to obtain an important secret: but, if you are really married, I'll cut your throat, you jade, and trust to the chance of hanging.

S C E N E



S C E N E VIII.

GOVERNOR, POLLY, GOVERNESS.

AIR VII. O London is a fine town, &c.

Governess, in a great hurry,

*Our Polly is a sad slut! as e'er to Bow-Street
travell'd,*

*I wonder any man alive would ever thus be
gravell'd;*

*For she must have both caps and stays, and hoops
to swell her pride,*

*Yet these will not content the lass, for she'll
have men beside:*

*But dress'd with all the cost and care that we
can lavish on her,*

*She throws herself away at once, and blasts her
father's honour.*

You vixen, you minx, you strumpet! I wou'd call you a whore, if it was not a reflection upon myself; the wench is undone, husband——she's married!

Governor. Married!—Cock-eyed Jack is a bold adventurer; he has one wife already, living, whose fortune he has spent in the most riotous dissipation, or we should have never been acquainted with him; and now, because he thinks my daughter has a fortune, he lives in hopes of spending that also.

Governess,

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Governess. You impudent slut! Do you think yourself capable of supporting a fellow that plays the thief all night, and the whore-monger all day! Why, hussy, could you make no better connection than by introducing into our family a fellow who scorns to do a good action if his everlasting happiness depended on it.

Governor. Peace, wife; be not angry; Cock-eyed Jack considers himself as a gentleman by profession; for he was once a soldier in the Buckinghamshire militia. Tell me, slut, are you really undone by marriage?

AIR VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

Polly. *Oh could I have chose for myself,
I would gladly your orders obey;
But tho' my dear Jack has no pelf,
My heart he has stolen away.
His exquisite squint could I see,
And refuse to surrender my charms?
No——my soldier is all things to me,
And I'll die ere I'll quit his dear arms.*

Governess. Then we are ruined; and it will be hereafter no more credit to keep the Tap at Bride-well than the Tap at the Swan with two Necks in Lad-Lane.

Governor. Aye, and Cock-eyed Jack may 'peach us in order to obtain a supposed fortune.

Polly. You must excuse me, Sir; I love him because he's a Patriot.

Governess. Love him! damn him! Why, he's as debauched as Charles Fox, and as ugly as Harry Luttrell.

AIR

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 15

AIR IX. Oh Jenny, oh Jenny, where hast thou
been? &c.

*Oh, Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd
With any one man but Cock-eyed John.*

Polly. *But he so hinted,
And he so squinted,
What I did you must have done.*

Governess Not with a mock-patriot, you bunter!
Governor. Peace, wife; this sham-patriotism is
deluding; and women are apt to sacrifice their
virtue to the cause of liberty. You know Jack
has a deluding tongue, and can equally persuade
men out of their money, or women out of their
chastity.

Governess. But the girl's taste, husband! Could
she find nothing better to doat on than the very
Cain of Creation, on whom Nature, in her ven-
geance, seems to have set a mark of reprobation.

Governor. Make yourself easy; I have a lucky
thought. Polly shall be forgiven.

Polly. Then are all my sorrows at an end.

AIR X. Thomas, I cannot, &c.

*I like a ship in storms was toss'd,
When Jack went out of the land,
When he from Dover to Calais cross'd,
With Churchill and Cotes in his hand.*

*Th' outlawry's done,
The cause is won,
O joy beyond expression!
We're safe a-shore,
I ask no more,
My all is in my possession.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, BOW-STREET.

The OLD LADIES seated; Officers, Constables, Thieftakers, Clerks, and Runners, attending.

Justice Blindman. **P**UT that woman to the bar, Governor.

Governor. Yes, your Worship.

Justice Blindman. Who is she, and what is she charged with?

Governor. This is Nan Miller, your Honour.

Justice Blindman. Well, Mrs. Miller, who are you?

Mrs. Miller. My name is Nan Miller, Sir.

Justice Blindman. What Miller?

Mrs. Miller. The wife of Maxy Miller, that was transported; every body *know'd* Maxy Miller, your Worship.

Justice Blindman. Well, what is Mrs. Miller charged with?

Governor. Only for receiving the silk gown that was stolen by Bess Tatter.

Justice Blindman. Swear the evidence.

AIR XI. Low Dutch.

Governor. *You shall most well and truly swear,
As much as you are willing;
And if your conscience be not clear,
Why, give the Clerk a shilling.*

Justice

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Justice Blindman. Well, let us hear the state of the evidence.

Tatter. Why, an' please your Majesty's Worship's Honour and Glory, Tom Pad robbed me of *this* here, that is to say, I beg your Grace's pardon, of *that there* silk gownd, and mother Miller received it, your Lordship.

Justice Blindman. Very well; very well; a clear case. Well, Mrs. Miller, what have you to say for yourself?

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear, &c.

Mrs. Mil. *Oh ponder well, be not severe,*

For once let me advise;

From this offence, oh! set me clear,

Lord bless your Worship's eyes!

Justice Blindman. She's as innocent as the unborn babe; discharge her, and put up *Bess Bunter*.

Justice Clumsey. Well, Bess, will you never get out of the Dutchy Liberty? There are more whores between St. Clement's church and Temple-Bar than in any equal space in all Europe. What is this woman charged with?

Stevens. Nimming a watch, your Honour, from the German gentleman that lodges in Clement's Lane.

Justice Wrong. Does the prosecutor appear?

Clerk. Yes, Sir; but he cannot speak English.

Justice Blindman. Does he speak French?

Clerk. Tolerably well, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Then swear him in that language.

Clerk. "Vous vous engagez parler la verité, toute la verité, et rien plus de la verité."

Justice Blindman. Swear an interpreter.

D

Clerk.

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Clerk. I have sworn him, Sir.

Justice Wolf. What does he say?

Clerk. Why, he says that the woman's as innocent as the King of Prussia.

Justice Shadwell. That she may be, and yet be the greatest thief in Europe, *one only excepted.*

Justice Blindman. Well, gentlemen, what is the opinion of the Bench?

Bench. We have *no opinion at all.*

Justice Blindman. Then it is your opinion that the prisoner should be discharged, unless she has any thing wherewith to accuse herself. Let her make her defence.

AIR XIII. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.

Bess Bunter to Justice Blindman.

*In the days of your youth you could bill like a dove,
And your surgeon can witness how fervent our love;
The life of a Justice in kissing should pass,
You have oft kiss'd my face—you may now kiss
my a—*

Justice Blindman. Take that impudent hussy away, and let us proceed to the material business of the day. Bring in *Cock-eyed Jack*, and the rest of the gang; but, as they are a dangerous set of fellows, let them make their appearance one at a time.

Governor. Then, Sir, if you please, we'll bring in *Jack Athanasius* first: for I always like to get rid of the most notorious thieves, before I bring forward the petty-larceny rascals.

Justice Wolf. *Harry Wrong*, bring in that fellow that was for dying his black coat red.

Justice Clumsey. None of your reflections, Mr. *Justice Wolf*; I was once in the dying trade myself;

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self; and I defy any man, even though he be a patriot, to dye a black coat red.

Nunnely. I beg your Worship's pardon; he may if he turns it.

A Justice. Mr. Nunnely is right;—he is never wrong on a Wednesday.

Enter Harry Wrong with Jack Athanasius in chains.

Justice Blindman. Well, what is this fellow charged with?

Governor. Only robbery, bribery, murder, and blasphemy.

Justice Blindman. Venial crimes—but what do you plead, Mr. Methodist?

AIR XIV. Irish Trot, &c.

Athanasius. *I am bubbled.*

Just. Blind. *Why troubled?*

Athanasius. *By Cock-eyed Jack hobbled,
Bamboozled, and bit.*

Just. Blind. *When you come to the Tree, should
the hangman refuse,
Jack's fingers with pleasure will tie
up the noose.*

But let us hear what this fellow has to say for himself.

Athanasius. An' please your Honour, my father sold ducks and geese to the Royal Family, and we thought ourselves happy if we could get paid when there were only Five quarters in arrear! But since Lord Starveall has been Steward of the Household, there is no danger of having any arrears at all; for the kitchen chimney of the Royal Palace has not been seen to smoke since the twenty-fifth of October, 1760.

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Justice Blindman. But, Sir, this is nothing to the purpose;—you are charged with robbery, bribery, murder, and blasphemy. What have you to say why you should not be committed to take your trial for these offences?

Athanasius. Nothing, your Worship. I have robbed the University of an education, bribed my own conscience to commit murder on my reputation, and blasphemed the Bishop that made me.

Justice Blindman. Take that fellow away, and put up Hopping Jemmy.

Enter Jennings with Hopping Jemmy in gold chains.

Justice Shadwell. Well, what is the charge against this fellow?

M^cNab. Why, he pretends to be a Conservator of the river Thames, without having any knowledge of Shakespear's Rope-Walk.

Justice Shadwell. Felony without benefit of the clergy. What has he to say why he should not be consecrated?

AIR XV. London Ladies.

Hopping Jemmy.

*If you at the Office solicit your due,
And would not have bus'ness neglected,
You must quicken each thief with a perquisite too,
To do what his Worship directed:*

*Or would you the frowns of the Justice prevent,
He too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens him into consent,
The guinea is always prevailing.*

Justice Cunning. Take that fellow away, his defence is a libel upon the whole Bench.

A I R

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 21

AIR XVI. Good Morrow, Gossip Joan.

J. Wolf. *Why, how now, Justice Squirt,
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
We'll try who best can spatter,
Justice Squirt, &c.*

J. Clums. *Why, how now, saucy fool,
Why, sure the fellow's drunk,
You must again to school,
For all your learning's sunk,
Saucy fool.*

Bethnal Green, Esq. Bring in Count Physic. I'll examine him; for he's almost as great a fool as myself—and, truly, that's a bold word to say.

M^cNab. Yes, your Worship—there's no doubt of the truth of what you say.

Enter Count Physic, in the uniform of the Artillery-Ground.

Bethnal Green, Esq. What is the charge against this fellow?

M^cNab. Ignorance and impudence, your Honour.

Bethnal Green, Esq. (aside to Justice Wolf) Why, they might as well have charged you or I.

Justice Wolf. You lie, you rascal; I am neither ignorant or impudent, as all Westminster can testify.

Bethnal Green, Esq. Perhaps so, brother; but all Middlesex knows to the contrary.

Justice Wolf. Mr. Sir, Justice Blindman, I humbly move that Justice Green may be *exculpated*.

Bethnal Green, Esq. Damn your *exculpations*, I am no more a culprit than yourself.

Justice

22 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

Justice Wolf. That's as hereafter it may prove ; but Justice Blindman can see all your faults with half an eye.

Justice Blindman. True, brother ; I am never blind to any man's faults but my own.

AIR XVII.

*When first of my eye-sight by physick bereft,
I thought I should always be blind,
But I now can discern both with right and with left
Whate'er to discern I've a mind.*

*An evidence clear on each side can I see,
And important as equal the poise ;
Yet the BALANCE of BALANCES—allthings to me,
Shall always determine my voice.*

Who has any thing to alledge against Count Physick ?

Bunter. Why, an' please your Honor's Worship, he agreed to take eight ounces of blood from me last Sunday morning; and he took only four, for a tester.

Justice Blindman. Damn'd scandalous, indeed ! No wonder black puddings are so dear. What other evidence is there against the prisoner ?

Black-eyed Bess. Sir, I employed the rascal to draw two of my teeth, and he pulled out five, which he sold to Grimaldi, and refused to let me *snack the cole* with him.

Justice Blindman. Grimaldi ! Who is that Grimaldi ? Sure I should have heard of him.

Black-eyed Bess. The *Common-Garden* caper-merchant, your Honour ; the rough thing that's all over hair like a dog.

Justice Blindman. And is this the state of the evidence ?

Clerk. Yes, Sir.

Justice

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 23

Justice Blindman. What has the prisoner to say in his defence?

Count Physic. May it please your Honour, when first I came to live next door to Mrs. Bull's print-shop, I little thought of having the glory of appearing before this magnanimous assembly; but muskets and medicines have been my ruin. There was a time, and please your Divinities, when Lord Blakeney visited the Artillery-Ground—Oh! it would have done your Honours good to have seen how I pranced and paraded, how I marched and counter-marched, with no ammunition but my smelling-bottle, and no armour but my pocket looking-glass.—Indeed, Right Worshipful, and you may take a puppy's word for once.—

Justice Blindman. Pshaw!—What has this to do with a woman's teeth.

Count Physic. Nothing, my Lord Duke; but that the teeth were not her own, but manufactured by Mr. Patence, of Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street.

Justice Blindman. And so, Sir, because Mr. Patence made the teeth, you think you have a right to steal them.

Count Physic. No, your Honour; I only submit to your Gloryship's wisdom, that, as Mr. Patence put in the teeth for a debt that was due from him to her, so I had a right to take them out for a debt which was owing from her to me.

Justice Blindman. An admirable reason! Let him be discharged, unless the Bench are of opinion that he should give bail for his appearance.

Justices. By no means, Sir. The Count's vanity is sufficient bail for his appearance—whenever the Trained-Bands shall make theirs.

A I R

24 THE BOW-STREET OPERA:

AIR XVIII. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.

Count Phycic.

*If the heart of a puppy's depress'd with cares,
They all are dispell'd when a Justice appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle he sweetly, sweetly
Raises my spirits, and charms my ears.*

*Roses and lillies my cheeks disclose,
But his kind words are more sweet than those.*

Justice Blindman. Where is Mr. Security?

Security. Here, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Clear the gang-way between the Magistrates and the bar, and tell Harry Wrong to bring in Tom Regiment.

Security. Yes, Sir.——Go to the Brown Bear, and fetch Tom Regiment. [Exit Harry Wrong.]

Justice Clumsy. What is he charged with?

Justice Blindman. Only cutting off the lappet of a poor soldier's coat.

Enter Harry Wrong with Tom Regiment.

Justice Wolf. A fine fellow, upon my word!

Justice Clumsy. No wonder, Sir; he comes of a noble family.

Justice Wolf. Then he and I should be related—for my father was a fish-monger.

Justice Blindman. Who has any thing to say against Tom Regiment?

Enter two serjeants, four corporals, and ten private soldiers.

Omnes. We have, your Worship.

Justice Blindman. What, all of you! Let Serjeant Upright there speak for the whole.

Upright.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 25

Upright. Why, your Honour, we have nothing to say but that the prisoner at the bar is taylor to our company, that the sleeves of all our coats are too short, and the skirts are none of them long enough.

Justice Shadwell. I thought the prisoner was charged with a particular felony, in stealing the lappet of a soldier's coat; but this charge appears to be general, in not making any lappets at all; therefore I think the prisoner ought to go about his business.

Justice Carringdown. You mistake the matter, brother; the not making a lappet which he has contracted to make, is at least equally criminal with the having stolen it after he has made it.

Justice Blindman. Turn to the Penal Laws.

Clerk. I have it, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Well!

Clerk reads, "If any man shall, after the twenty-fourth day of June, one thousand seven hundred and forty-five, make, or cause to be made, any coat, waistcoat, or other garment, for the use of the soldiery of these realms, of less dimensions than are before specified in this act, he shall be deemed guilty of felony, and shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy."

Justice Shallow. What the devil have the clergy to do in the matter! A man can neither be born, married, or hanged, without their interference.

AIR XIX. When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.

The parsons and lawyers are jugglers alike,

If they meddle, your all is in danger;

Like us, my good friends, if they finger a cause,

Your fame they destroy, and they pilfer your house,

And give our estate to a stranger.

E

Justice

26 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

Justice Blindman. What's the prisoner's defence?

Soldier. Why, my Lord, and please your Majesty, he says that as how he has nothing to say.

Prisoner. You lie, you rascal!

Justice Shallow. Give the man leave to speak, right or wrong—it makes no difference in this Court.

Justice Clumsey. I beg your pardon, brother *Shallow*; there is as much difference here as in Westminster-Hall.

Justice Blindman. That may be;—for there all ideas of right and wrong are confounded.

Justice Shallow. True, brother *Blindman*; but *Justice Clumsey* is a puppy, and thinks I don't know the Law. Sure I should know the Law!

Justice Clumsey. You know the Law!—Why, ye blockhead, you never read the Statutes, but in an Abridgment which you bought for eighteen-pence upon a stall in Holborn.

Justice Shallow. I scorn your words, you scoundrel! I buy the book of *Statutes* for eighteen-pence!

Justice Clumsey. I beg your Worship's pardon, for you was never worth eighteen-pence in your life; and I wonder where the Lord-Lieutenant could pick up such rubbish to make a Justice of.

Justice Shallow. Why, you infamous half-hanged rascal!—

Justice Blindman. Peace, gentlemen, peace: for the honour of the Magistracy leave off these bickerings; the eyes of all Westminster are upon us. Brother *Shallow*, you are wrong; and, brother *Clumsey*, you are not in the right. Be seated, for Heaven's sake.—What has the prisoner to say in his defence?

Prisoner. Nothing, your Grace; but, if you please, I'll sing you a song.

Justice Blindman. With all my heart.

A I R

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 27

AIR XX. Lillibulero.

Pris. *The squabbles of justice so common are grown,
That friendship among them can scarcely
be met;*

*When Clumsey once opens, you hear Shallow
groan,*

*And pester, and rage, and fume, and fret:
'Tis true, we find,*

One Justice,—blind,

*Who gives them good counsel, but all to no end,
With horrid grimaces*

They screw up their faces,

And shift the discourse to friend—and friend.

Justice Blindman. An excellent observation! Let
that fellow be discharged.

Justice Girdle. What, brother Blindman, before
he has made any defence?

Justice Blindman. Aye, by all means: 'tis no
matter how absurdly things are brought about here.
Discharge him, I say, and bring in *Shakespear's
Ghost*.

Enter Constable with Shakespear's Ghost.

Justice Blindman. What is the charge against this
fellow?

Constable. Nothing, your Honour, only that he
makes ropes to hang other people, *whereof* he
ought to make 'em for himself.

Justice Blindman. I believe this man is a Livery-
man of London.

Constable. Yes, your Worship, and he had once
the ambition of being a *Common Counsellor*, truly;
for he says as how that his uncle was an Alderman.

28 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

Bench. This is sacrilege on proof positive: what has the prisoner to say why he should not be committed?

Prisoner. Why, an' please your Worships, I am not so much a culprit as a criminal. This here fellow there, the constable as he calls himself, says as how that I makes ropes for to hang other people, whereof I ought for to make them for myself: now, an' please your Majesties, I humbly conceives that the man who makes the ropes for others has no right to wear them.

Bench. We think so too; and nothing can justify the making of ropes, but the necessity there is that they should be made.

A I R XXI. Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm, &c.

Shakespear's Ghost.

*Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the Doctor's pill,
Who takes my med'cine must be undone,
My hemp and flax are sure to kill.
Thethief that steals trifles is duck'd in the streets,
He that deals largely, largely, largely,
He that deals largely, ruin meets.*

Bench. There is nothing against this fellow; discharge him; for his defence is most admirable.

Enter Old Woman.

Old Woman. An' please you, my Lord, I wish you would bring on my cause next, for I want to be gone.

Bench. With all our hearts. What is it?

Old

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 29

Old Woman. Why, your Honours, I appear against Bob Gin-Cag, alias Portly Robert.

Bench. Let Bob Gin-Cag be brought in.

Enter Harry Wrong, lugging in Bob Gin-Cag.

Harry Wrong. Come on, you clumsy son of a b—; there's more trouble with you than with Hawke, the highwayman; though you never was half so clever a fellow in all your born days.

Justice Shadwell. Well, what is instigated against the prisoner at the bar?

Witness. Why, an' please your Honours, he sells his gin at the rate of ten-pence a pint, whereof 'tis not worth above a tester.

Bench. That's the fault of the buyers: but have you any particular charge to alledge against him?

AIR XXII. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

Witn. *When I go of a morning to taste of his gin,
I am sure to be sadly mistaken;
He gives me the vilest that ever was seen,
Till my bowels are crushed and shaken:
'Tis stuff, and I know it,
Not fit for a poet,
Tho' poets are often mistaken.*

Bench. This appears to be nothing at all to the purpose. Have you any thing to say against his general character?

Witness. Yes, my Lord; that he has no character at all.

Bench. Then he must be discharged for this time, and we shall see him again the sooner. What other prisoners have you?

Harry Wrong. Only Bull-faced Frederic, and Cock-eyed Jack, your Honour.

Bench.

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Bench. Then bring in Bull-face, that we may reserve the greatest rogue to finish the business of the day.

Bull-faced Frederic brought in.

Justice Blindman. Now, brothers, I conceive this to be a cause of great expectation, as I apprehend it will lead to the detection of the principal offender.

Justices. So much the better; we're all of a mind, right or wrong.

Justice Blindman. Who charges Bull-faced Frederic, and with what is he charged?

Constable. Worse than nothing, your Worship; for he steals all he can lay his hands on, and gives it to Cock-eyed Jack, who lets nobody lay hold on it but himself.

Justice Blindman. Call your witnesses.

Constable. Here they are, your Honour.

Citizen's Wife. I have bought tea of the prisoner for many years past, and he was always accounted an honest, stupid, good kind of a fair-dealing man, till within five or six years past, that he has been acquainted with Cock-eyed Jack; and now he does not give above thirteen ounces to the pound, an' please your Honour.

Justice Blindman. Well, woman, and what is this to the purpose?

Citizen's Wife. Why, an' please your Worship, I think it very hard to be cheated out of three ounces in sixteen, considering that I have a large family, and my husband is nothing more than a simple Common-council-man.

Justices. Pray, madam, how long have you dealt with the prisoner?

Citizen's Wife. Ever since the year forty-eight, when he lived in Fenchurch-street.

Justices.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 31

Justices. And, pray, how long is it since he has adopted the custom of making short weight?

Citizen's Wife. Never, gentlemen, to my knowledge, till since he became acquainted with Cock-eyed Jack.

Justices. But, pray, madam, how should that connection make him dishonest?

Citizen's Wife. Really, gentlemen, I cannot say; I always speak to the fact; for, since he has been acquainted with that notorious thief, there has been no trusting him to weigh a single pound of tea; and it is suspected, in the neighbourhood, that what he saves by this kind of defraud he gives to his accomplice, who lavishes it in the most wanton dissipation.

Justices. Well, Bull-face, what have you to say for yourself?

AIR XXIII. If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

Bull-faced Frederic.

*When young in the shop I first counted the store,
They bad me be free of good words, and no more;
Whoever came thither, or sober or sot,
The tea was weighed out, and the buyer forgot:
But the Patriot so urg'd me, so warm was his zeal,
That I languish'd for his, and the general weal.*

Justice Blindman. This might be some kind of plea in the House of Commons, if it could be credited; but it will not do here, where we believe nothing; not even what we say ourselves. Let this fellow be committed, unless he can give sufficient bail.

Reynard. (an Attorney.) With your Worship's permission, we have unexceptionable bail ready.

Justice Blindman. Who are they?

Reynard.

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Reynard. Sir Watkin Leak, and Crossby Square, Esq.

Justice Blindman. What is the opinion of the Bench?

Justices. Oh, take their security, by all means; they are not beggars, though they are Patriots.

Justice Blindman. Well, that matter is done with.—Clear the room, and bring in Cock-eyed Jack. [Exit Harry Wrong.

Justice Clumsey. There is something very extraordinary in the case of this Cock-eyed Jack; for, though a thief in grain, and unprincipled beyond any man living, his vices have served to relieve many a man's distress; so that his own fortune, if he had had any, would not have contributed a single farthing to his support.

Justice Wolf. True, brother Clumsey; and we know that his case is not very particular.

Enter Harry Wrong with Cock-eyed Jack.

A I R XXIV. What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.

Cock-eyed Jack.

*Patriots are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near them the Citizens bustle and cluster,
While Common-Council-Men gather around:
But, when once known, they're no longer alluring,
Tho' ample the promise, and sumptuous the treat,
They soon fade and shrink, and grow past all
enduring,
By the rabble themselves they are trod under
feet,*

O,

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 33

O, what a damn'd unfortunate fellow am I! That a first-rate Patriot, the delight of the mob, the idol of his own imagination, and the terror of the Court, should be brought to this disgrace! Hell and furies! Shall the dictator who gives law to empires be dictated to by a Middlesex Justice? Forbid it every idea of Patriotism; forbid it all the glorious laws of confusion!

Justice Blindman. Stop that fellow's noise there, and let us proceed to his examination. Are the witnesses ready?

Security. Yes, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Then swear the Jew first, and mind that you open the book at Leviticus.

Security. He is sworn, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Well, Sir, what have you to say against the prisoner at the bar?

Jew. That he has feloniously destroyed his own bond for a large sum of money, which he himself had made in my favour.

Justice Clumsey. Why, this story has been so amply related in the public papers, that no gentleman present can be at a loss to know the particulars.

Justice Blindman. Would the prisoner say any thing respecting this matter?

Cock-eyed Jack. I deny it absolutely, and in every part. I never knew the prosecutor, nor ever saw a single Jew in my life.

[A general laugh.]

Justice Blindman. Is this all your defence, Sir?

Cock-eyed Jack. Yes, and be d——d to you; and such a defence as would at any time satisfy two thirds of the Livery of London; and therefore its admission ought not to be scrupled by a Bench of scoundrel Middlesex Justices.

F

Justice

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Justice Blindman. An insolent rascal! Bind the Jew to prosecute for this offence, and tell him that he may find his bill tomorrow morning at Hicks'-Hall.

Clerk. The Jew has his proper instructions, Sir.

Justice Blindman. What is the next charge against the prisoner?

Clerk. There is a Captain, Sir, who appears against him; but I do not precisely know the nature of the charge.

Justice Shadwell. Swear the Captain.

Clerk. He is already sworn, Sir.

Justice Blindman. Well, Sir, what have you to say against Cock-eyed Jack?

Captain. Why, an' please your Worship, he disavowed his own signature to a bond which he had given to me.

Justice Blindman. This was undoubtedly a most infamous circumstance; but it is no felony, and therefore not cognizable by this Bench: but, if the prisoner would say any thing in justice to his own character, he may freely do it.

Cock-eyed Jack. The whole story, Sir, is a d——d lie; and every one knows that I speak truth; when I say another man lies.

Justice Clumsey. Who has any thing farther to alledge against the prisoner?

French Jeweller. I ave, Monsieur: he ave robe me of jouaillerie to vone grande amonte.

Justice Blindman. Have you any witnesses, Sir?

French Jeweller. Oui, Monsieur—me ave vone grande nombre.

Cock-eyed Jack. It is unnecessary to produce them—for I confess the fact; and boast, as a true Englishman, and a Patriot, of the merit of robbing a French slave.

Justice Blindman. Then bind over the Frenchman to prosecute at the Old-Bailey.

Clerk.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 35

Clerk. I have taken his recognizance, Sir.

Cock-eyed Jack. I beg that your Worships would send me back to Tothill-Fields Bridewell, because Mr. Smith is the most humane Keeper in the world, and we have prayers regularly, and a sermon twice a week.

All the Justices. Ha! ha! ha!

Justice Blindman. You, Sir, of all persons in the world, to talk of humanity and devotion!—No more of that farce, I beseech you. Make out his *mittimus* for Newgate immediately.

Cock-eyed Jack. Then the devil d—n you all; and I shall be hanged for the folly of having confessed a fact, which I had been prudent enough to deny for years past; and have had art enough to get the falsehood believed.

[*Exeunt Prisoner and Attendants.*]

Justice Shallow. Well, gentlemen, I think we have dispatched a deal of business to-day. Where shall we dine?

Justice Clumsey. At Lovejoy's.

Justice Wolf. Won't that look a little suspicious, having lately granted him a licence, after censuring him for some transactions that did not look quite so creditable as might have been wished under the immediate eye of justice?

Justice Blindman. D—n all censure and suspicion—Innocence and integrity are at once their own security and reward.

F

ACT

36 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, NEWGATE.

*Enter COCK-EYED JACK in chains. To him
POLLY and LUCY.*

AIR XXV. O Bessy Bell, &c.

Polly. *A* Curse attends that woman's lust
That always would be pleasing;

Lucy. No birds as doves are half so cur's'd,
For all their love's but teasing.

Polly. What then shall any woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond, men shun us;

Polly. And when we fly 'em, they pursue;

Lucy. Nor leave till they've undone us.

Cock-eyed Jack. How happens it that I am honoured with your company in a place so dismal as this? You have heard that I have been foolish enough to confess the robbery of the French Jeweller, and am now committed on that confession; and, because my character is thought notorious, I am ordered down for immediate trial; so that the odds are against me that I have not more than two days to live; for they consider me in the light of a murderer, because I have stabbed a thousand reputations; but that ought not to be alledged against me, for not one of those reputations died of the wound, except that of Jack Athanasius; and
his

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 37

his was so rotten, that it would have given up the ghost in a fortnight, without my assistance.—Well, but Polly, my dear, why so melancholy? Are you ruminating on the circumstances consequent on our first meeting at the public-house in Clerkenwell-Close?

Polly. Yes, Jack, I remember the whole matter but too well; for to that unhappy meeting I owe my ruin.

AIR XXVI. Pretty parrot say, &c.

Cock-eyed J. *Pretty Poll, advance;—
When I went to France,
Did your fancy never glance
At some newer lover?*

Polly. *Void of disguise,
Longing eyes,
Constant sighs,
My doating heart discover.
Fondly let me loll.*

Cock-eyed J. *I love thee, pretty Poll.*

Poll. And are you as fond as you was, my dear, before you belonged to the Bill of Rights?

Cock-eyed Jack. Fonder by a thousand times, my love! for my whole scheme was only to get money of those credulous puppies, to spend it on such delicious bunters as thou art.

Polly. Nay, my dear Patriot, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what you say; for I have heard, from good authority, that all you friends of liberty are true to the cause, and stand stiff to the argument.

Cock-eyed Jack. Yes, my fair one; if ever I forsake the sex, may I look right forward like a common man!

A I R

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AIR XXVII. Pray fair one be kind, &c.

Cock-eyed J. *My heart was at rest,
Till I leant on thy breast,
Till Polly my passion repaid.*

Lucy. *You lie, you damn'd rogue!
For I was in vogue,
Till I was no longer a maid.*

Remember the King's-Bench, you blink-eyed son of a b—. Can't you recollect when *honest Humphry* and yourself both had me on the stair-case, the night that Bingley was committed on account of the North-Briton?

Cock-eyed Jack. Why, that may be, Lucy; and stranger things than that happened while I lodged in Surry: even Countesses did not disdain to visit Lord Mansfield's shop for *human pawns*; and a Viscountess was once there, who had *seen* a person that was related to the Elector of Hanover.

Lucy. But what is all this to the present purpose? We come as friends to you, to give our advice and assistance in the present exigency of your affairs.

Cock-eyed Jack. D—n you both, except I could see you separately.

AIR XXVIII. You have heard of a frolicsome ditty, &c.

*How happy could I be with either,
Would t'other dear bunter begone;
But, while ye both plague me together,
You sha'n't get a word from your John.*

So depart, and tell the Gaoler I should be glad of his company.

Polly.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA 39

AIR XXIX. Gin thou wer't mine awn thing, &c.

Polly. *What dreadful pain it is to part!*

I'll not leave thee, I'll not leave thee.

Lucy. *Soon I'll see him in the cart,*

If of love he thus bereave me:

But when death shall cut the string

Of thy life, at Tyburn tree,

Thus to the monster will I sing,

Fly hence, thou wretch, and leave me.

Cock-eyed Jack. Begone, you b——s, and fend the Turnkey, if the Keeper is not at home; for I am fond of keeping respectable company. I was always very particular in the choice of my associates, when I frequented the *London Tavern*.

[*Exeunt Polly and Lucy.*]

Scene changes to the Tap-Room in Newgate.

Enter Turnkey and Attendants.

Turnkey. Why, really, this Cock-eyed Jack is a very extraordinary fellow. He agreed to pay ten guineas for the lightest pair of irons; but, not having the cole about him, I was foolish enough to take a taylor's security for the forth-coming of the stuff, and this rascal of a taylor figured away in a *Whereas* in last night's Gazette. And now, what am I to do? If I go to take off his irons, the rascal will plead that he has given security for the payment for their use; and if I should get the better of him, and put on a heavier pair, it is a hundred to one but he finds a method of breaking prison, to bilk my master of ten or a dozen pounds weight of iron more than his due.

Enter

40 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

Enter a returned Transport.

Transport. I beg your pardon, Sir, for listening to what you was saying; but, when I was sent abroad for horse-stealing, I bribed the Captain with a ten-pound Bank bill to put me into the Calais packet. From Calais I travelled to Paris, where I met *Cock-eyed Jack*, at the coffee-house frequented by English gentlemen; and the similarity of our dispositions soon bringing us to be well acquainted, he confessed to me, in many different conversations, the robbery of the Jew, the defrauding the Hospital, and all the other crimes, the existence of which he has so repeatedly denied in England, with a hundred other villanies which have been scarcely ever heard of in this kingdom.

Turnkey. You have not offended me.—But is this true that you tell me about *Cock-eyed Jack*?

Transport. It is, Sir, upon the honour of a thief;—so help me Newgate.

Turnkey. Then I sincerely hope the rascal will be scragged.

Transport. Most certainly he ought to be so, for the credit of the profession.—Pray, Sir, when does his trial come on?

Turnkey. Directly, I believe; we expect him to be called down every minute.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Sir, you must bring *Cock-eyed Jack* down to the Bail-Dock immediately, for his trial comes on next.

Turnkey. How is it with young Cox?

Messenger. It goes d—d hard with him, Sir.

Turnkey. So much the worse.—He used to come down handsomely on former occasions, and I should be sorry to lose so good a customer.—But he'll certainly be hanged this bout.

Messenger.

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 41

Messenger. No matter, Sir, 'tis what we must all come to:—so never despair.

Turnkey. Come along:—for, in all probability, BILLY'S *done over* by this time.

SCENE, *The Press-Yard.*

Turnkey. Where's Cock-eyed Jack?

Prisoner. He's at prayers, Sir.

Turnkey. What, before conviction!——I never heard of such a d---d fool in my life. What business has he to pray, till he knows whether he shall be hanged or not? The Ordinary and Parson Toll will tell him when he ought to begin *snivelling*.--- But call him down.

Prisoner. Here he comes, Sir.

Turnkey. Hallo! you *Cock-Eye*, follow me to the Sessions-House.

AIR XXX. *Bonny Dundee.*

Cock-eyed Jack.

The charge is prepar'd—the Judges are met—

The Aldermen rang'd—a terrible show!

I go full of fear—for death is a debt,

And I always shall grudge—to pay what I owe:

But farewell my Priest, dear Jemmy adieu!

Tho' grudging to die, 'tis the better for you:

Here end all disputes of the Patriot gang;

But the printers will grieve on the day that I hang

Enter Polly,—hastily.

Polly. Where is he? Where is my life, my love? Call him back—Let me die in his arms.——'Tis a d---d thing tho', that the precious cast of his eyes should enable him to squint at me and Lucy at the same time.—But I see it is too late;—he is gone—

G

and

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and I shall never behold him again, till I see him in the cart, when all the butchers on the Livery will weep.

AIR XXXI. Ianthe the lovely, &c.

Polly.

*When he holds up his hand, arraign'd for his life,
Between Bellas and Reynolds, obthink of the strife!
What are duels or pistols, or penknives, to thee,
If my Jack must be hang'd at the fatal tree?
One blast from old Bellas, one letter from Horne,
The sting might extract, or might take out the thorn*

SCENE, The Sessions-House.

Judge. Swear the Jury.

Crier. "You shall well and truly try the issue
"joined, between our Sovereign Lord the King and
"the prisoner at the bar, and a true verdict give,
"according to the evidence," &c.

Prisoner, hold up your hand.

Clerk of the Arraignment. You are indicted for that you, not having the laws of honour before your eyes, but being moved by the instigation of your old accomplice, the Devil, have feloniously burnt a bond by you given to Mr. Wood, the Jew, with intent to defraud the said Jew, &c. against the statute.—What say you? Guilty, or not guilty?

Prisoner. I will save the Court all farther trouble. I am guilty, not of this offence only, but of a thousand others, which never entered into the heart of any man but myself to conceive.

Recorder. Take him away.—I am sorry to see an old client in such deplorable circumstances.

SCENE

THE BOW-STREET OPERA. 43

SCENE, *Holborn.*

1st. Mob. Which is he? which is he?

2d. Mob. The paste-headed fellow in the second cart, with the sword by his side, and dressed in blue and gold.

3d. Mob. What! do they let men go to the gallows with swords on?

Old Woman. Yes, to be sure, you fool!—Your Patriots neither live nor die like other people.

Barrow-Woman. Lord!—he's a fine looking fellow!—Only he has got a d---d set of teeth.

Bunter. No matter for that; his breath is very sweet,—to my certain knowledge.

Fruit-Woman. Who is that fine gentleman in the cart?

Journeyman Printer. Why, the glorious Patriot that saved all our houses from being robbed.

Fruit-Woman. You lie, you rascal! for my house has been robbed twice within a fortnight; though there was little more to steal than a bunch of turnips and a basket of Apples.

SCENE, *TYBURN.*

Cock-Eyed Jack. I beg you all to take warning by my fate, so far as to follow my practices.—I will be consistent in inconsistency to the last. When I was arraigned, I pleaded that I was guilty; but I now retract that foolish expression, and declare that I am wholly innocent; and I say to each of my accusers, as I have heretofore said separately,—*Mentiris impudentissime.*

AIR

74 THE BOW-STREET OPERA.

AIR XXXII. Lumps of pudding, &c.
Cock-eyed Jack.

*Thus I stand like a thief, with my blackguards
around,*

*But nothing my impudence e'er shall confound;
The black, brown, and fair, seem to eye me by turns,
But no longer for them my inconstancy burns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke my desire,
While of nothing I dream but the flames of hell-
fire:*

*Then think of this maxim,—the wisest of lessons,—
The thief of to-day may be hang'd the next Sessions.*

Chorus. *Then think of this maxim, &c.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]



THE END.